







This is BINARY 111 (i.e.7) produced for the Off Trails Magazine Publishers Assn. by J.P.Patrizio, 22 Eaton Road, St Albans, Herts. This issue is intended for the 42nd mailing.

#### BINARY

Last issue was (again) marred by bad duplicating. I tried, honestly I tried, but as the saying goes, everything in my favour was against me. I got all the stencils cut in plenty time, and got permission to use the local Liberal Association duplicator. It happens to be a Roneo 350 - I used Gestetner stencils - net result, trouble.

It took Anne and me two hours to run off two stencils, and then we had to stop. However, by that time we had the mechanics of it licked, so when I went back to do the rest it was done quite quickly - except that the damned thing waldn't ink properly. No matter what I did, I finished up with two badly underinked patches. I almost gave up and left OMPA for ever, but in the end just decided that I would have to save up and get my own duper. So I'm now in the market for a fine, gleaming, new duplicator, at a rotten, grubby, old, second hand price.

The marked improvement in the appearance of this issue is due to the delicate touch of new member Pete Weston, who is running it off for me on his magic machine. Pete is definitely a Good Man.

#### AND NOW FOR MY NEXT TRICK...

Since the last BINARY our family has increased by one - namely Lisa Suzanne. She's a little half-Chinese girl we're adopting. Only seven weeks old when we got her, she's settled in very well over the last few weeks, and she's been no trouble at all. We nearly fell over when we heard her birth date, 20th July, the same day as Andrew just one year later..some coincidence. It's funny, but the fact that she isn't ours by blood doesn't make any difference; we feel exactly the same about her as we did about Andrew at the same age.

As well as this, we're having a new house built which should be ready about April. It has the same number of rooms as the one we are in now, but it also has a garage, and it is, of course, a lot more modern. Apart from creating a garden, there wont be the amount of rebuilding that has had to be done to the present house. This might give me more time for fanning, but on the other hand the expenses will be so much greater that there may not be much left for bigger mags...so I expect things will stay much the same as they are at present. You wont see me in the next mailing as we will be in the process of moving; there's a deal of doubt about my making the one after that either, but you never know...however, definitely next September.

## SUPERDOG

Is it a bird? is it a 'plane? No, it's Bonnydog. At least that's what I think, sometimes, when looking at her cur-rearing round the garden. The other day she got into our neighbour's garden and when I saw her there I roared at her to come back. Whereupon she ran at the fence (chain link) and went straight through it. As well as this, she tore a hole in the door of the shed; I nailed a piece of wood across the gap, but in seconds she was trotting round the lawn with it in her mouth. Then again, we found she had chewed through the mains cable of the refrigerator, and had gone through the earth conductor; I hate to think (but can well imagine) what would have happened if she had gone through one of the other wires. I just don't know what she will do next but she's digging a big hole in one of the flower beds, and giving me some funny looks - perhaps I shouldn't have hit her so hard.

## FREE, GRATIS AND FOR NOTHING

We recently had an encyclopaedia salesman visit us. He started with the usual stunt of telling Anne that he was something to do with an educational survey, or experiment or something, and asked if he could come back when I was home. As we had nothing else to do that evening, Anne agreed. We were pretty sure we knew what it was all about, as we'd heard of similar experiences from others, but we were interested to see the technique. Now we knew he was going to try to get us to buy a set of his books; we knew he would make a big play at giving them to us; in short, we knew he was going to try to play us for idiots, and yet we missed the gimmick until the third time round.

How much? I asked, right at the beginning; after some hedging he said he was going to give them to us for nothing - free. But were we intelligent enough to use them? were we intelligent enough to be allowed to have them? Anne growled deep in her throat, and he decided that we were.

This set of books, he told us, when they were put on the open market would sell at a fantastic price, and there would be a load of extras, too. Such as the Information service which would answer, in depth, queries at a cost of £2 per question. We were going to be allowed to have them answered at 15/- each, for 100 questions; the offer would be over 10 years, and 100 questions at 15/-, over 10 years, was only 5d a day. Quite a saving on the £2 each, and little enough to pay for access to the resources of one of the biggest libraries in the country - in fact it was just the cost of daily paper, he said.

"Now would you like this magnificent set of books - free" he asked. We still didn't believe him but said yes to see what would happen next. He brought out a card which said we would help with their sales promotion scheme, and asked me to sign it. I sat with the pen in me hand, and asked again "For nothing?" "Yes. Only for a letter of comment", he said and went into the details again. There was something wrong. And then it hit me - the Information Service. How much? 5d a day, your paper money. Do we have to have the Service? Weeeell. So we pay for it whether we want it or not. Yes, but it's only 5d a day. For 10 years? Yes.

A quick bit of mental arithmetic..£75. It's going to cost us £75 to let him give us the books. "Ah but that isn't the way to look at it" he said. Too bloody right, it isn't. I didn't blow my top and throw him out. I just sat and looked sad and hurt, and said, "Well, we were very impressed by the books but I think this's a very underhand way of trying to sell them. If you had come and said 'look at these lovely books, only £75 and 10 years to pay' we probably would have had them. But I think it's a bit unfair, the way you went about it." He gathered up his bits of glossy paper, and left. He must have felt very disappointed at being so near to selling the books and yet failing to do so; I like to think that perhaps my little comment turned the knife in the wound.

## BOOKS

I've had little time for books in the last three months but I've not been completely static, so here are my activities, bibliographicalwise.

Only two bought since last time.

Rock Wagram -William Saroyan. I read this some time ago on the recommendation of Ken Potter. Saroyan has a fine feeling for people, and he conveys it very well - still one of my favourite novels.

The English Language -J.D.M.Meiklejohn. This is the 6th edition, published in 1891, of a book for student teachers. It deals with the grammar, history and literature of the English language, and by just skimming through it I've learned quite a few things. Some of it is dated but not as much as you would think. The pocket biographies of virtually all worthwhile writers up to 1890are alone worth the whole 6d that the book cost, and it also compares the language today with that of 600/700 years ago, in a most easily understood way.

The following are library books I have recently read.

Strange Relations -P.J.Farmer. Five stories, all well written but, in general, lacking...completeness (it's the only word I can think of to describe it). I wont apply this criticism to 'Mother', which is the best of the collection. 'Father', after carrying me along all the way, came to an end so abruptly that I'm even now not sure that the last page wasn't missing.

Insight -Dr. J.Bronowski. A glossy book based on a series of TV lectures about science. It lacks polish, and depth, just touching on subjects like learning, topology, do animals think? etc. One point he made, which rather surprised me, was that Man has no greater capacity for counting, than animals. Most animals recognise groups up to 7, and people generally follow this rule. Numbers greater than this are broken up into sub-groups, and added; if we didn't have the symbols for numbers, and the technique of adding, we'd be like all the other animals - interesting, no?

Cycle of Fire -Hal Clement. This had all the ingredients of a fine SF novel but never got off the ground (or out of Earth's gravitational field, as Amis might say). I found it very dull, and not particularly well written.

end of editorial

# A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

I'll just get this letter done before the buzzer goes. Ah, there it is..beep - beep - beep. Another day over. I stand up, put my coat on and say to the man who sits behind me "Ah well, back to work".

I walk home, trying not to step in too many puddles. In the back gate: down the path. The dog, dripping outside the back door, sees me, wags itself and lollops along at high speed to greet me (it's been reading too many women's magazines). "No,dog" I scream, but it's too late. Mud all down the front of my trousers - I suppose they needed cleaning anyway.

I get to the door, open it and slide in, kicking the dog back out as it tries to squeeze past. "I'm home, dear" I bellow over the piercing screech of the baby (3 months) and the rather lower pitched roar of our boy (15 months). A muffled wail comes back in reply. I take off my coat, hang it up and go into the living room. She's sitting on the settee holding the baby in one arm while trying to keep a firm grip on the boy who is upside down in his efforts to get off. The baby is crying because she's hungry (naturally); the boy is crying because he's bumped his head (again); some sexless object, on the radio, is thumping out the information that it is crying because its baby left it (not surprised). That goes first; then I pick up the boy who loses interest in yelling and tries to poke out my eye. The baby, exhausted by now, finds its mouth with its finger and subsides into near silence. My wife greets me. "Hello" she says. "Hello" I reply, "had a nice day?" Shouldn't have said that - she mouths something, mercifully incoherent, and I think contemplates throwing the baby at me.

Better put the boy down while I've still got partial sight in that eye. He immediately crawls over to the coal bucket and pulls it over. I yell, and go to put things right - he scuttles away. I turn, and he's just putting a piece of coal in his mouth - he sits with a disgusted look on his face, as though he's been made to eat the revolting thing (that's just what I must have looked like when they used to force sago into me). I put my finger into his mouth to hook out the coal (fool) - he smiles angelically, and deliberately closes his jaws. "No!" I say, "no! no! no!" my voice rapidly rising to a scream as he increases pressure. Two basic instincts: fight for supremacy: if I leave my finger where it is I'll lose it; if I tear it loose I'll probably pull out a couple of his teeth. Reason wins and I grab his nose - it works. I get my finger back, but I'm scared to look (I can't stand the sight of blood).

The radio blares (when the hell did he get time to switch that on); the dog starts to bark to get in. My wife sits through all this with the baby on her lap and a glazed expression on her face ( has she gone catatonic?) Again I switch off the radio. I walk to the back door and open it. The dog crashes in, leaves a wet smear on my trousers midway between my knee and ankle. She runs into the living room, treads on the boy, imprinting one

muddy paw mark on his chest and another on his forehead; she licks the babies face in passing, knocks over the coal bucket, and scrambles under the settee where I can't reach her. I rush to pull the boy out of the coal (again). "He'll need a bath" I say. This precipitates a sneer.

My wife gets up and says "Well, we can't spend all night playing". The next 45 minutes are a blur of activity and noise. Yells and screams mingle with roars of abuse, threats, entreaties. "Aaaah" "get out of it you.." dong dong icng dong "No! quick, don't let him..." "Oh god" hisssssssssssss.

Silence. All engulfing quiet. Nothing. Seems a bit unnatural. What? Oh yes, the children are in bed; the dog's fed and is curled up on the carpet in front of the fire. We sit together on the settee, our arms round each other - surveying the debris. A tortuous trail of clothes which tells the knowing observer that a highly mobile small boy was undressed here; a pile of toys, not broken, just disassembled; some obscene looking object, in the corner, that the dog brought in - I hate to think what that might be.

Her head rests on my shoulder. She lets out a long contented sigh, and says in a low voice "Darling". "Hmmm". "A house just isn't a home without children - is it?"

: end :

Essentially the rulers are all defectives; and there is nothing worse than government by defectives who wield irresistible powers of physical coercion. The commonplace sound people submit, and compel the rest to submit, because they have been taught to do so as an article of religion and a point of honor. Those in whom natural enlightenment has reacted against artificial education submit because they are compelled; but they would resist, and finally resist effectively, if they were not cowards. And they are cowards because they have neither an officially accredited and established religion nor a generally recognized point of honor, and they are all at sixes and sevens with their various private speculations, sending their children perforce to the schools where they will be corrupted for want of any other schools. The rulers are equally intimidated by the immense extension and cheapening of the means of slaughter and destruction.

G.B. Shaw

# RESPONSE

to the 41st mailing

OFF TRAILS: Yes, madam President, Sir, I have no complaints about closing the waiting list - that is if you mean that people can get on the waiting list, but not into the membership.

Ethel, when you credited me with 22 pages for Binary, instead of 11, did you consider that it was worth 22 pages, or that if you gave me this credit I wouldn't do any more.

If we are going to keep on having an Egoboo Poll, I would like to see something done about the categories. There are too many of them at the moment; these could be cut down to Best Mag, Best Writer, Best Artist, Best Non-OMPAN (writer and artist, if you like) and possibly Best New Member.

TOMCHATS IN THE DARK: The castlecon sounded quite a do; made me wish I had been there, reading all about it. Oh dear, yet another paper size in the mailing; Pelz will do his nut.

SAVOYARD 11: The biggest bit of egoboo I ever got was from the publishers of F&SF. I subbed to the mag at the time, and all the way from New Hampshire I got a magazine addressed to J.P.Patrizio, London SW4. And it wasn't late.

HAGGIS 1: Good to see you Ian. I hope this issue can be taken as representative of future ones. This was one Haggis that had bags of meat.

Your main article 'The Sins of the Fathers..' ranks as one of the best I've seen in OMPA - yes, we get a fair number of good articles but very rarely one which says something as worthwhile as this. Not only to your mind is the population explosion the greatest problem in the world today; anybody who cares to open one eye is guaranteed a shudder when he sees the possibilities facing us. Apart from any other consideration, the population explosion could cause a nuclear war - lebensraum, and all that jazz.

You do OFAM (and all the others) an injustice to imply that they just keep people alive to breed; a great deal of money is spent on educating them in birth control, and India for one is responding with a flourishing sterilization programme (as you mentioned). And crazy as it may seem, a big reason why the poorer people of the poorer countries breed like mad is because they have nothing else to do. Give them the opportunity to work for themselves, and the breeding settles down to reasonable (?) proportions.

I'm afraid I tend to shy away from abortion as I feel it is ethically wrong. Further, it seems that abortion is treating the symptom rather than the disease. However, until somebody does what is necessary to instil an ethic into the proletariat which precludes unwanted children (not necessarily illegitimate) there seems to be no alternative.

MORPH 36: I can't fathom your thinking(?) on modern pop music; you seem to talk sense on every other subject, but pop...but I suppose everybody has a blind spot. I heard the Beatles a few days ago for the first time in two months or more - they've got worse, if that's possible. Face it man, pop music is spelled c-r-u-d.

HEX 7: Good. Particularly the 'Equality' article. I agree with much of what you say, but surely you deliberately ignored the point of 'All men are created equal'. Of course everybody isn't equal in intelligence, strength, etc. etc. but personally I've never taken the phrase to mean this - have you? I know dozens of people to whom I'm far superior in many ways, as I know dozens (well, a couple) to whom I'm inferior, but I would no more spit on the first lot as I would grovel before the second. Equality, here, means something far more subtle than the crude examples you give.

VAGARY 20: I liked your article about cats - probably because I like cats. Whimsy suits you Bobby.

PARAFANALIA 11: As a kid (12-14 sort of) I did some of that glass moving lark, described by Pat, with members of the family. We tried to find out what horse would win a big race (Derby, I think); sure enough, it spelled out a name, and yes, that horse was running. It lost. That's why we're poor now. No I don't know how it was done - we all swore we weren't pushing.

ERG 21: Your comments/ideas about OMPA are sure to get a lot of replies, but I'll bet there aren't many dissenters. For once I agree with everything you say (the world must be coming to an end); what we need is more active members. Now I know I'm a helluva one to talk about this, but what you're getting from me nowadays is just about the minimum (I hope) and things should get better as the children get older and I get more time. I would add to your list of innovations a rule that of the 20 pages per year, a maximum of 5 should be mailing comments; of course, if a member does more than the minimum then all the extra pages could be m/c.s. This should, as you suggest, pepup the mailings and once this is done OMPA membership will become a desirable thing, and when people want to get into OMPA the chances are that the quality will go up.

BURP 23: Well, hello there venerable sir; OMPA is once again OMPA with a Burp in the mailing. So you have a new home, complete with mortgage, bank loan, weeds, and a son named Andrew..welcome to the club. I am, of course President and Secretary (no Treasurer..guess why); the club badge, which you have to steal for yourself, is a begging bowl.

I found the statistics most interesting and I'm looking forward to the next lot. As OMPA is now ten years old, how about a little history of the organization through the years; not a statistical one but a personal one of personalities.

Well, that's all for this mailing. General impression of the 41st? A small mailing, but of a good standard throughout with a few high points.

# ODDS & ENDS

A bus driver just wanted one small piece of stone from Wookey Hole cave, Somerset. But when he tried to break off a lump he found he had uprooted all 4 ft. of the Witch's Broomstick stalagmite, 42,000 years old and priceless. He explained "The whole thing just came away in my hand".

Daily Mail

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Otto, the saddened, bestial stonemason with a penchant for delinquent apprentices, is having an affair with Elsa, the crazed slut who burns to death. Elsa is the sister of David, Otto's present novice, a vicious fawn who gets Flora (Otto's teenage daughter) and Isabel (Otto's wife) pregnant in turn because he is really in love with Otto. Edmund, Otto's bachelor brother moons after Flora, receives an offer of marriage from Isabel, then goes off with Maggie. Maggie is the lesbian servant who was morbidly intimate with Lydia, dead mother of Otto and Edmund with a quasi-incestuous passion for both.

Kenneth Allsop's review of 'The Italian Girl' by Iris Murdoch

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Her: Ooooh!  
Him: What's wrong?  
Her: I stood on a dead sock.  
Him: How do you know it was dead?  
Her: It was all cold and clammy.

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The B.B.C. plans to brush up the pronunciation of English names by its announcers. In charge of the project is the B.B.C.'s pronunciation expert... a Scotswoman.

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It has to be admitted that we English have sex on the brain, which is a very unsatisfactory place to have it.

malcolm Muggeridge

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When cleaning the teeth, do not be alarmed at bleeding gums. This is sometimes Nature's way of relieving herself.

Pear's Cyclopaedia, 33rd ed.

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My household gods wont stand the wear and tear.

Ella Parker

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The Awful Spellers Dictionary; Valuble, possably, for those who can't remmember the right spelling but can remmember the right rong one: accur, Edipus, fantom, kertin, tomaine...No gidance ofered on the use of the appostrophe.

Observer book review

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